

They Say It Ain't Porno

Amorously ask someone to your apartment to see your etchings and likely the response will be: "What's an etching?" But, who knows, you might luck-out if you suggest a visit to try out your adult video games.

"Our games aren't really X-rated," explains Stuart Kesten, whose Los Angeles-based company American Multiple Industries (AMI) is marketing three VCS-compatible cartridges under the brand name *Mystique / Swedish Erotica*. "They're actually soft Rs."

The group Women Against Pornography (WAP) strongly disagrees. At a recent protest held outside the Hilton hotel in New York, where Kesten was exhibiting his new wares at an electronics show, WAP members waved signs that read: "Computerized Insanity," "Pornographers are Pimps," and "Stop Making Fun Out of Women's Pain."

Well, judge for yourself. Bachelor Party features an upright groom-to-be, eager for one last fling before tak-

ing his wedding vows. He "scores" by touching the ladies, who are lined up Breakout-style. In *Custer's Revenge*, the virile general negotiates an obstacle course of randomly falling arrows and prickly cacti to reach an unfortunate squaw who is bound to a stake and unable to ward off Custer's unwelcome advances. The big climax comes when they finally



Photo by Perry Greenberg

meet— pump the "joystick" and rack up bonus "rape" points. Then there's *Beat 'em & Eat 'em*, in which streetwalkers await the emissions of a crazed john from his rooftop perch. The "suggestive" retail price for each is \$49.95.

"There's no violence or

venereal disease—we have entertainment in mind," says Kesten, who lets his 11-year-old son play the games, but wouldn't want them available to "kids who aren't my responsibility." AMI's sealed boxes are labeled "Not for

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sale to minors.”

No such warning is needed for *Streaker*, an arcade game conceived by Fred Alkire of American Video Games in Birmingham, Ala. The object is to maneuver a naked lady through a maze as she attempts to collect her fallen garments and avoid the police. *Streaker* is hardly hardcore.

“She looks like Miss Piggy,” Alkire insists. “You don’t even know she’s naked until she starts putting her clothes *on*. We’re located in one of the most Baptist sections of the country, and we haven’t recieved any complaints yet.”

—Howard Mandel